

NAMI NJ Dara Axelrod Expressive Arts Mental Health Poetry Contest 2021 - 8th Place

Savor

By Aditi Tandon

The sun rays touched it
at precisely half-past four
Filtering through the glass door cabinet
As if tantalizing us more

That 12-inch box of steely goodness
Glistened and beckoned
As we eyed that ancient lock
to be unlocked any second

My grandmother would stride in
And wait for us to get in line
Out would come the round steel box
And we would get them one at a time

What you might ask required to be bolted and protected?
Sweet balls of heavenly goodness
'Laddoos' that needed to be respected

Cos left by myself, I could finish the whole box and some
How could my grandma of many
Allow that absurdity to happen?

It took her hours of slow cooking
And stirring and waiting
Gram flour in clarified butter
Its comforting aroma permeating
Every corner of grandmas home
fragrant as she heaped in sugar
Cooled it down, and shaped them up

NAMI NJ Dara Axelrod Expressive Arts Mental Health Poetry Contest 2021 - 8th Place

into perfect balls, as we watched her

So I learned to savor my one laddoo

Bite it, swirl it, but not chew

Cos one was never enough

But one was all you got

Until the next day

At the very same time

At the very same spot

Besan laddoo is what I crave

And now I'm a mom, I can easily make

But alas, I'm no longer a child

Shouldn't pig out and shouldn't go wild

So I make them for my girls and take one too

Bite it, swirl it, savor it, but not chew.